

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worst tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it bee.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs may serue to great a day.

Come, let vs muste speedily,

Doomes-day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conuentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, out Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton* cop-
bill to night.

Bar. Will you giue mee money, Capitaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, I'le answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at *Townes* end.

Bar. I will, Capitaine: farewell.

Fal. If I be asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowle Gurnet; I
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odd pounds. I presse mee none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Bachelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes, such a com-
moditie of warme flues, as had as lief heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliner, worse then a
strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presse mee none but such
Tofts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my
whole

whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the
painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and
such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Ser-
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-
cient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a
hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Skar-crowes.
Ile not march thorow *Conuentry* with them, that's flat, nay; and
the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two
Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like
a Herald's coate without sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the truth,
stolne from mine Host of *S. Albanes*, or the red-nose In-keeper
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on
euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell dost thou
in *Warwickshire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

West. Fayth, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can
tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell mee, *Iacke*, whose fellows are
theser that come after?

Fal. Miids, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food